Uncle Terry

.... By ....

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

"I'm sorry ye must leave us, Mr. Page," he said when Albert was ready to bid the old folks goodby. "I wish ye could stay longer, but cum ag'in soon, an' remember our latchstring's allus out fer ye."

When the old carryall had made half its daily journey Albert pointed to a low rock and said, "There is a spot I shall always be glad to see, for it was there Uncle Terry first found me."

Telly made no answer. In fact, she had said but little since they started. When they reached the little landing no one else was there. No house was in sight of it, and the solitude was broken only by the tide that softly caressed the barnacled piles of the wharf and the weed covered rocks on either side. No boat was visible adown the wide reach that separates Southport island from the mainland, and up it came a light sea breeze that barely rippled the flowing tide and whispered through the brown and scarlet leaved thicket back of them. Over all shone the hazy sunlight of October. Telly stood listening and hoping that the boat would be late. A look of sadness came over her face and a more than usually plaintive appeal in her expressive eyes. "I am sorry you are going," she said. "It is so lonesome here, and it will seem more so now." Then, as if that was a confession he might think unmaidenly, she added, "I dread to have the summer end, for when winter comes the rocks all around seem like so many tombstones."

Albert put out his h[illegible] if that would aid his appeal, [illegible] his fingers closed over hers he [illegible] "I am going away with a heavy heart, Telly, and when I can come back is hard to say. Will you not promise me that some time, no matter when, you will be my own good and true wife? Let me go away with that hope to comfort me while I work and save for a home for us both. Will you, Telly?"

But the plaintive face was turned away, perhaps to hide the tears. Then an arm stole around her waist, and as he drew her close she whispered, "When I am no longer needed here, if you want me then I will come to you."

She was sobbing, her head resting on his shoulder, and as he kissed her unresisting lips a boat's sharp whistle broke the sacred spell.

"Go a little way back, my darling," he whispered, "until the boat is gone. I do not want any one to see you have been crying."

When her misty eyes could no longer see the boat that bore her heart away, she turned, and all the long, lonely way back love's tears lingered on her lashes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE mountains around Sandgate were aflame with the scarlet and gold of autumn before life seemed quite as usual to Alice Page. The summer idyl had passed, and though it left a scar on her heart she had resolutely determined to put the sweet illusion out of her mind. "I was very foolish to let him see that I cared," she thought, "for it can never be, and by and by he will forget me, or if he does think of me it will be to recall me as one of his summer girls who had a fit of silliness."

Her heart ached at times, and in spite of all resolution her fingers would once in awhile stray to the chords of "Ben Bolt." She answered his letters in a cool, matter of fact way. Occasionally, when he referred to his heart hunger and how hard he was studying in hopes that she might think better of him, she wished that he had no purse proud and haughty mother to stand between him and a poor girl, and her next letter would be more chilly than ever. What perhaps was a bitter sweet thought was the fact that the colder she answered him the warmer his next letter would be. He happened to mention once that his mother had spoken of a certain young lady, who belonged to the cream of Boston society, as an eligible match and advised him to show her a little attention. It did not help his cause.

How grateful she was all through those melancholy autumn days that she had a large school to absorb her thoughts. She was having a long and hard fight with her own feelings, and imagined she had conquered them when Thanksgiving time drew near and her brother announced he would run up and spend the day with her. She almost cried for joy at the news, for proud spirited Alice Page was feeling very heart hungry when the letter came. Albert was just a little surprised at her vehement welcome.

"Oh, I have been so lonesome, Bertie," she said when they were alone, "and the evenings drag by so slowly! Then you do not write me as often or such nice letters as formerly, and Aunt Susan never seems to notice that I am blue. If it were not for my school I should go crazy, I think."

"I am very busy these days, sis," Albert replied, "and my mind is all taken up with work. Mr. Nason's business is increasing, and I have many clients besides him." Then he added, "How did you like Blanch Nason?"

"Oh, she was very nice," replied Alice coolly, "and if she were a poor girl and lived here I could easily learn to love her. As it is, it is useless for me to think of her as a friend. It was good of her to pay me a visit, though, and I enjoyed every minute of it."

"And what about Frank? Did he not say a lot of sweet things to you?"

Alice colored.

"Oh, he is nice enough," she answered, "and tried to make me believe he had fallen in love with me, but it won't do any good. I am sure his managing mamma will marry him to some thin girl with a fat purse."

"So that is the way the wind blows, my sweet sister, is it? And yet my possible future law partner has been humming 'Ben Bolt' nearly every day for the past two months! You must have smiled on him very sweetly when he was here."

"Please do not say any more about him, Bert," she answered with a little pain in her voice. "He is all right, but I am too poor and too proud to satisfy his mother, so that is all there is to it." Then she added in self protection, "Tell me about the island girl I heard you fell in love with on the yachting trip and for whom you deserted the crowd." Albert looked confused. "It is true, Bertie," she said quickly. "I can see it in your face. That explains your short letters. I shall feel more desolate now than ever."

"Alice, my sweet little sister," he replied, resolutely drawing his chair near and taking her hand, "it is true, and I intended to tell you all about it, only I hated to do it at first and so put it off. She is more than pretty, she is beautiful, and the most unaffected and tender hearted girl I ever met. But you need not worry. She is so devoted to the two old people who have brought her up as their own that she will not leave them for me as long as they live."

Then he frankly told Alice the entire story of his waif of the sea and how she had refused to yield to his pleading.

"And now, sweet sister," he sa[illegible] last, "I have a plan to unfold, a[illegible] want you to consider it well. I am now earning enough to maintain a home, and I am tired of boarding house life. It is not likely I shall marry the girl I love for many years to come, and there is no need for us to be separated in this way. I think it is best that we close the house or rent it for the present, and you and Aunt Susan come to Boston. I can hire a pretty flat, and we can take down such of the furniture as we need and store the rest. What do you think of the plan?"

"Oh, I shall be so glad of the change, Bertie! It is so desolate here, and I dread the long winter. But what can I do in Boston? I cannot be idle."

"Will not housekeeping for me be occupation enough?" he answered, smiling, "or you might give music lessons and study shorthand. I need a typewriter even now."

"But what will Aunt Susan think of the change? And it will be such a change for her!"

"She will get used to it," he answered.

Then, as Alice began to realize what it meant to bid goodby to the scenes of childhood, the old home, the great trees in front, the broad meadows, the brook that rippled through them, the little church where every one greeted her with a smile, and the grand old hills that surrounded Sandgate's peaceful valley, her heart began to sink. Then she thought of the pleasant woods where she had so often gone nutting in autumn, the old mill pond where every summer since babyhood she had gathered lilies, and even those barefooted school children of hers.

"I shall dislike to go, after all," she said at last, "but perhaps it is best. I shall be homesick for a spell, but then I shall have you." Then she rose and like a big baby crept into her brother's lap, and, tucking her sunny head under his chin, whispered: "Oh, if you were never going to be married, Bertie, I would leave it all and try to be contented. I could come up here every summer, could I not?" Then she added disconsolately: "But you will get married soon. Your beautiful island girl will not keep, you waiting so long."

"No sweetheart and no wife shall ever lessen my love for you, Alice, who have been my playmate, my companion and my confidant all my life."

When they had discussed the proposed step in all its bearings for a half hour Albert said: "Come, now, sis, sing a little for me. I am hungry to hear you once more."

She complied willingly, and, as the piquant voice of Alice Page trilled the list from "Lily Dale" to "Suwanee River" and back to "Bonny Eloise" and "Patter of the Rain," Albert lazily puffed his pipe and lived over his boyhood days.

When the concert was ended he exclaimed: "I will look around before Christmas and see what kind of a flat can be found, and then when your school closes you must come down and visit me and see how you like Boston."

"Oh, that will be just delightful, only you must promise not to tell the Nasons that I am coming."

"But if they did it out Blanch and Frank would feel bitterly hurt," he replied. "Remember, they did you the honor of coming up here to visit you, and Blanch has said to me several times that she hoped you would visit her this winter."

"I should love to," replied Alice, hesitating, "but—well, I will tell you what we can do—we will wait until the day before I am to return, and then we can call there one evening. They need not know how long I have been in Boston."

When morning and departure came Albert said: "I will do as you wish, sweet sister, and unless some of the Nasons should meet us at a theater I imagine it will work all right, only it is a little rough on Frank."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE proposed change did not seem to disturb Aunt Susan much, although Alice noticed that she was more quiet than ever and avoided that subject.

"I'm ready an' willin' to go if you think best," she said, "an' I'll do my best as long as I can. I hain't got long to stay, an' if I see you two happy I'm content."

Two weeks before Christmas came a cordial letter from Blanch reminding Alice of her promise to visit her during the holidays and insisting that she do so now. With it was inclosed an equally cordial but brief note of invitation from Mrs. Nason. Alice replied to both in due form and with profuse thanks, also stating that she had promised her brother she would visit him during her vacation, and hoped to have one or two evenings with them at that time.

Alice inclosed both notes to her brother and told him he had best inform the Nasons of her intended visit in a matter of fact way. "But," she added, "do not let on that you know they have invited me to visit them. We will do just as we talked—go there and spend one or two evenings, or perhaps I may meet them at a theater, which would be much better."

By return mail came his assurance of obedience and a sizable check. "Use it all, my dear sis," he wrote, "and for your own needs, too. I do not want you to feel ashamed of your gowns when you come to Boston."

"Bless his dear heart," said Alice when she read the letter, "what a prize that island girl will get in him!"

When Christmas came and she kissed Aunt Susan goodby, she was near giving up the trip altogether. It may have been the sad face of her aunt that brought the irresolution, or a feeling that meeting Frank would reawaken the little heartache she had for five months been trying to conquer. [illegible] Boston she was met by her brother.

"I have not told Frank," Albert exclaimed, "and shall not let them know you are here until we call. I want you to myself for a few days, because after Frank knows you are here I am sure to be one too many most of the time."

"Not on his account, you'll not be," replied Alice with a snap.

What a gallant escort that brother was, and what a change from the dull monotony of her home life those days were to Alice.

They visited art galleries mornings, and devoted the afternoons and evenings to theaters; then usually a tete-a-tete supper at a cozy place where the best was to be had, and a little chat in his or her room before retiring. It was during one of these latter visits that she noticed some of the pictures that hung in his room.

"Who painted that [illegible] scene?" she asked, looking at one. "It is a gem, and those poor sailors trying to the ice covered ri[illegible] enough to make one shiver. And the awful waves, too, are simply terrifying. And what a pretty scene is this wild tangle of rocks with a girl leaning on one and looking out on the ocean where the sun is setting or rising," she continued as she viewed the next one. Then as she examined it a little closer she added, "Who is E. T.?" Albert made no answer, and she passed to a third one showing a little rippled cove with the ocean beyond and a girl seated in the shade of a small spruce tree.

"Why, this is by E. T. too," she exclaimed. And turning to her brother she repeated, "Who is E. T.?"

"Well," he answered, "I will take you down to the island some time and introduce you to her. She will be glad to meet my sister, you may be certain."

Then the brief history of this girl, as her brother had told it, came to her. "So that was the wreck she floated ashore from, was it, Bert? And can she paint like that? Why, I am astonished! And who is the girl leaning on the rock? What an exquisitely molded figure and what a pretty pose! Who is she?"

"That is your possible sister-in-law," answered Albert, with a touch of pride, "and the pictures were done by her from sketches I first made myself. They are true to life so far as all details go, only I failed to catch her expressive face in the one that shows a front view of her."

"So that was the way you wooed your island goddess, was it?" observed Alice, with a roguish look. "Made her pose for a sketch while you said sweet things to her. Have you a picture of her?"

"No, I am sorry to say I have not. Remember, she has been hidden on an island all her life, and I doubt if she ever had a picture taken."

"And when will you take me to see her? I am so anxious to meet this [illegible]ry of the shore who has stolen my brother's heart. Can't we go down there before I return home?"

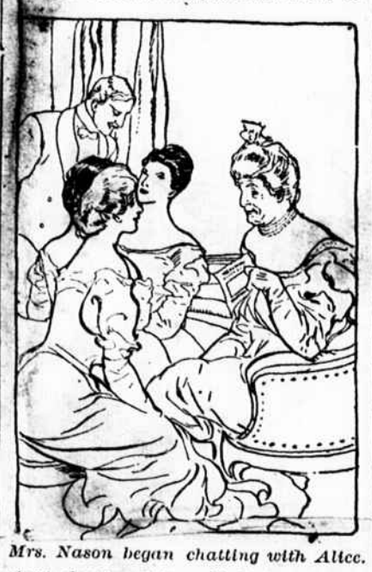
"We can," he added, "but I think we'd better wait until spring."

The next day he informed her he had secured a box at a theater for that evening and had invited the Nasons to join them. "I thought it would relieve your mind a little, Alice," he added, "to meet your boys on neutral ground."

Mrs. Nason was a long way from being the haughty specter Alice had conjured up. That a country schoolma'am was proud enough to discourage her son's attentions because of the difference in their positions awakened her curiosity. "I should like to meet Miss Page," she said to Blanch when the latter had asked if she might invite her to visit them. "A girl that shows the spirit she does is certainly worth cultivating."

When Alice's cool but polite note reached Mrs. Nason she was piqued to even a greater degree of curiosity, and when Albert's courteous letter inviting "Mrs. Nason and family to share a box at the theater for the purpose of meeting my sister" was received she returned a cordial acceptance by bearer.

To Alice the proposed meeting was a source of dread, and when the carriage called for Albert and herself she was in an excited state of mind. They had barely taken their seats in the box when the usher knocked, and Blanch, followed by the rest of the family entered. That young lady greeted Alice with an effusive kiss, and the next in-



Mrs. Nason began chatting with Alice.

stant she found herself shaking hands with a rotund and gray haired lady of dignified bearing, but of kind and courteous manner. An introduction to Edith followed, and then Frank acknowledged her polite "How do you do, Mr. Nason?" with his very best bow.

Mrs. Nason began chatting with Alice in the pleasantest way and with seemingly cordial interest in all she said, while Blanch kept quiet and Edith devoted herself to Albert. It was after the second curtain when Mrs. Nason said: "I must insist that you divide your visit with us, Miss Page, and allow us to return a little of your hospitality. Of course I understand that your brother comes first, and rightly, too, but we must claim a part of your time."

"I had promised myself one or two evenings at your home," Alice answered quietly, "but I do not feel that I ought to desert Bertie more than that."

Then, for the first time, Blanch put in her little word: "Now, do not offer your brother as an excuse. I have been anticipating your promised visit for a long time, and no brother is going to rob me of it. I shall come around tomorrow forenoon, and if you are not ready to go back with me, bag and baggage, I will just take your baggage, and then you will have to come."

"I do not see why you cannot see your brother and visit with him just as well at our house," put in Mrs. Nason. "He is always welcome there."

Alice turned to her brother, remarking, "It is nice of you to insist, and I am more than grateful, but it must be as he says." Then she added prettily, "He is my papa and mamma now, and the cook and captain bold and mate of the Nancy brig as well."

"I will stir up a mutiny on the Nancy brig if he does not consent," laughed Blanch; "so there is an end to that, and you must be ready at 10 tomorrow."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BLANCH had kept her threat and literally taken possession of her new friend and installed her in the guest room of the Nason residence. To be taken in hand, as it were, by a cultured and wealthy young lady, and to have a liveried and obsequious coachman on duty to convey them anywhere and everywhere was a new experience. It was not long ere Alice began to feel herself quite at home in the Nason family and to notice that Mrs. Nason treated her in a motherly way.

"I see that you are fond of your little charges," she said, after Alice had described her school and some of the peculiarities of her pupils who wore outgrown roundabouts or calico pinafores, 'and I suppose they grow fond of you as well."

(Continued on 6th page.)

The Shortest Twilight.

The period of twilight shortens toward the equator and lengthens toward the poles. In other words, the less the thickness of the air through which the rays of the setting sun have to pass the sooner darkness comes. From this it naturally follows that the region of the shortest twilight is the one which is situated nearest to the equator and at the greatest elevation.

These two conditions are combined in the region in which stands Quito, the capital of Ecuador. The plateau is 9,442 feet above the level of the sea. It is also surrounded by mountains, twenty peaks, eleven of which rise beyond the snow line, being visible from the streets of the city. Added to this, it is only fifteen miles south of the equator; hence it has a shorter twilight than any other spot on the equator partly because of the elevation and partly because the western mountains intercept the rays of the setting sun and so cause darkness to follow daylight with greater rapidity than at any other spot on earth.

The Garden of Eden.

According to the best authorities, it was in Armenia that the "garden of Eden" spoken of in the book of Genesis was planted. Most of the evidence in support of this theory is topographical. The Bible says that the garden was watered by a river running through it which afterward divided into four heads. The names of these are given as Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. There is little difficulty about the latter, and Hiddekel is commonly identified with the Tigris, both of which rivers rise in the mountains of Armenia. The others are located by assuming them to be Aras and the Kur, streams which also rise in the Armenian hills. In old documents Armenia is often referred to as the "land of the four rivers" or "the cradle of the human race." Though Armenia does not go quite back to the time of Adam, the country's history is traced to its first ruler, Haig, the great grandson of Japheth.

Some Queer Definitions.

In the Bailey dictionary of 1674 the word "colibus" is defined as follows: "Colibus—a humming bird, which makes a noise like a whirlwind, though it is no bigger than a fly. It feeds on dew, has an admirable beauty of feathers and a scent as sweet as that of musk or ambergris."

The same authority thus describes the loriot, or oriole: "Loriot—a bird that, being looked upon by one that has yellow jaundice, cures the person and dies itself."

Delpino's dictionary (1703) says of the leopard: "Lleupard, or leopard—a yellow beast, exceedingly swift, subtle and fierce and of such a sweet savor that it allures other beasts to it, by which means they are caught and devoured."

Dead Men's Food in Yucatan.

From remote times the natives of Yucatan have been accustomed to make offerings to the souls of the departed, particularly a certain pie that they call "food of the soul." The crust must be of yellow corn, the interior tender chicken and small pieces of pork. These pies are wrapped in leaves of the banana tree and baked underground between hot stones. When done, they are placed on the graves or hung from trees close by. Sometimes, after leaving them there for an hour or two, the living take home the pies and enjoy them, saying that the souls have already drawn from them all the etheral part of the substance.

Where Latin Is Still Spoken.

In the central part of the Balkans, far up in the mountains between Bulgaria, Servia and Turkey, there is a community of mountaineers, among whom strangers seldom go. During the ascendency of the Roman empire a Roman colony was founded here and then forgotten on account of its remoteness. For the reason that the descendants of those ancient colonists have never mixed with the people about them they retain their original characteristics, even to the language. In several villages the Latin that the peasants speak is so plain that students of classic authors can understand them.

Betrothed at Birth.

In some parts of west Africa the girls have long engagements. On the day of their birth they are betrothed to a baby boy a trifle older than themselves, and at the age of twenty they are married. The girls know of no other way of getting a husband, and so they are quite happy and satisfied. As wives they are patterns of obedience, and the marriages usually turn out a success.

Aggravating the Offense.

"I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape!"

"Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."—Woman's Journal.

Not Too Blind.

Passerby—I thought you were blind. Mendicant—Well, sir, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do any business at all.

Mistaken Again.

"Our minister seems to be such an altruist," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Is he?" replied her hostess. "I thought by the sound of his voice that he was a bass."—Chicago Tribune.

Playing For the Future.

Mother—Johnny Jones, did you get that awful cold while out playing? Son—No, mother. I think I caught it washing my face yesterday morning.

Winthrop College Scholarships and Entrance Examination.

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the county court house on Friday, July 8th, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than fifteen years of age. When scholarships are vacated after July 8, they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination.

Scholarships are worth $100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 21, 1904. For further information and catalogue address

Pres. D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.
24-8t

Barbecue.

I will serve a first class barbecue at Jonesville on County campaign day. A first class cook will prepare the cue.
19-tf.p. OLIVER EAVES.

Barbecue.

We will serve a first class barbecue a Jonesville on the day of the first primary election. FOWLER & McKISSICK.